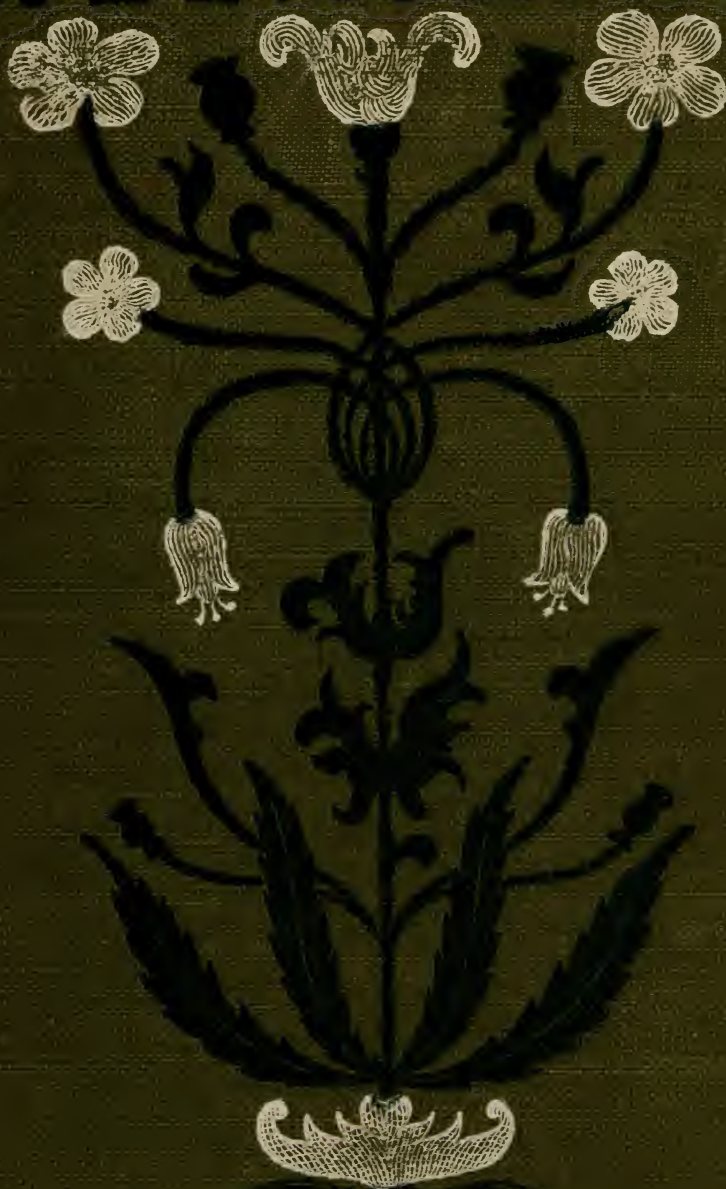


HUMAN PASSIONS



in
ELLA BRADY CANDEE

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HUMAN PASSIONS



HUMAN PASSIONS

POEMS

BY
ELLA BRADY CANDEE

THE MASON PUBLISHING & PRINTING CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

1901

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DEDICATED
WITH LOVE
TO MY SISTER
I R E N E

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Consummation	1
Wisdom	3
Other Lips	5
Satiety	7
Jealousy	9
I Love You	11
Elise	12
Retrospection (Elise)	14
A Soliloquy	16
When It Rains	19
Old Love Letters	20
For This Man	24
Unsatisfied	25
The Love Chase	27
My Mother's Chair	29
Yesterday	31
Durance Vile	32
The City of Sun	33
Over Much	35
To Him (A Toast)	36
To Her (A Toast)	36
A Lost Soul	37
The Ebbing Tide	38

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Light That Lived	39
White Wings	42
Denied	44
Indifference	46
Mine—All Mine	48
Castles in the Air	49
Forgotten	51
The Only Sin	54
Innocence	56
Heartless	58
As Man Believeth—So He Is	62
Ennui	63
Old Leaves	64
Surrender	66
Queries	67
Only a Woman	69
Hypocrisy	70
The Ruby	72
Alone	74
The Song of the Pick	75
No Creed	77
Love Eyes	81
When?	82
The Siren	83
You and I	85

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Wedding Morn	86
To-day	88
The Scarlet Letter	90
We Two (A Toast)	92
Ourselves (A Toast)	92
Memory	93
Through the Smoke	94
The Pity of It	95
Her Room	97
Good Night	99
How Love Came	100
Two Women	101
A Pledge	102
Looking Back	103
Love Knots	105
A Prayer	107
A Photograph	108
Chaos	110
Stranded	111
My King	112

THE END.

*God gave you passions which control your fate—
Ambition, Crime, Desire, Self and Love.
Then on yourself depends how well the slate
Is cleansed by that Almighty Hand above.*

Human Passions.

CONSUMMATION.

Shall it be a love feast of passion,
A sweet, riotous feast, ma chère?
I am mad in a daring fashion,
I am mad and I do not care.
You are made of love's lava-fire,
The breath of red roses you wear,
You are mine, Lucille—my desire,
Each throb of your heart lies bare.

To-day and to-day is a minute,
It flies from us ere it is born.
This is love. Where shall we begin it?
The vehemence of thought is gone.
I live in a dream bright as the sun,
It is ours, there lies the charm.
Throw back your soft sleeve, my belov'd one,
While I kiss the bend in your arm.

Human Passions.

We'll live a day we cannot forget,
Tumultuous—reckless—and free.
Dare-devil joys we'll suffocate yet,
Lucille, you are mine, love—and be.
My eyes are blinded with passion mist,
Rest your head on my heart, ma chère,
We'll study love, and possess the gist,
Of emotion seduced from its lair.

Human Passions.

WISDOM.

I ask you, dear, in half-hearted fashion,
Shall we go our separate way?
The mighty force of a pent-up passion,
Consumes us by night and by day.
These stolen sweets will always leave their scar,
Therefore, my love, we'd better part by far.

The swish and the *frou frou* of trailing skirts.
I hear them and know you are near.
You love as I love, and stern wisdom hurts,
When she tells us to pause and fear.
Of course it is wiser that we should part,
But what of that tyrant they call the heart?

Grim duty and honor forbid that I
Should be near you another day,
She claims my devotion, yet here I sigh,
And live only under your sway.
Were the world of women massed here but now,
Only you, my love, would I clasp, I vow.

Human Passions.

The hours that pass when you are not near,
It is safety their space to fill.
If I but think of the future I fear,
That wisdom will bend to my will.
I cannot reason; Oh love, you are mine,
Remember your promise of love sublime.

Do you know what it is to say farewell?
Have you thought what it means? Despair!
And have you the courage, my love, to tell
The whole world that we do not care?
Answer, and quickly, I live but to know,
Oh God in Heaven—don't tell me to go!



Unhappy fate—our lives are divided.
Your eyes look like death—you have decided.

Human Passions.

OTHER LIPS.

“When other lips and other hearts,”
I listen quite unseen,
The old song sets me drawing charts,
Of all that might have been.

I watch like a thief in the dark,
Prepared for sudden flight.
She thinks it a glorious lark,
To draw the heart strings tight.

How it all comes back to me now,
Her dreaming love-lit eyes,
The joy of her soft solemn vow—
What a parcel of lies.

I know as I part the curtain,
And watch her standing there,
The same old story for certain
Is told, worn quite threadbare.

She led, and loved, and tempted me,
With dainty woman ways.
Our names she carved on yonder tree.
Faugh! Well, I've had my days.

Human Passions.

The fool she fools will have *his* day,
Though "other lips" could tell.
I'm growing cynical they say,
Well, isn't life a sell?

"When other lips and other hearts,"
It sickens me, that air.
I'll call it quit with Cupid's darts.
I wonder—do I care?

Human Passions.

SATIETY (?)

Some say we have but once to love,
And then spill out a life of sighs;
Or during early years hurl prayers above,
For that first mighty love that never dies,
To compensate, when fancy lies.

Some say,—does that proclaim it true?
It never was, or will be so.
A second love, yes, sometimes quite a few,
Fill out a life and bear their fruits we know,
With trailers both of joy and woe.

Volcanoes vomit flames, then rest;
The tide flows out, but to return.
And so with love, it leaves its cosy nest,
And slowly all the scars that once did burn,
Seek passionately more to learn.

For once the flame of passion born,
It lives and will forever burn.
And love is so akin to passion torn,
That joys and sorrows all together churn.
Satiety (?) then forms its germ.

Human Passions.

Give me of love where others cease,
I'll woo the cinders to a flame.
Give with the love satiety (?) and peace.
Satiety is but a senseless name
For love at rest—not dead, I claim.

Human Passions.

JEALOUSY.

There is no jealousy where true love dwells,
It has been told since time of man,
A pretty fable which a lover tells,
Yet who believes it? No one can.
It is a monstrous farce thus to conceive,
And harbor thoughts that no one can believe.

Take love, the strongest, purest of its kind,
Where halcyon days make all things fair.
Two hearts are one, they need no cord to bind,
Sweet unison lays all things bare.
One looks and wonders at such holy bliss,
Naught but most perfect love could reign like
this.

Then comes a time when love neglects to pay
Accustomed homage where 'tis due.
'Tis but a breath—yet strange suspicions lay
Irresolute, for all is new.
E'en jealousy, the child of devils born,
Lacks courage first to plunge its poisoned horn.

Human Passions.

And love's sad mate, the trusting tear-stained
waif,

Wakes to the horror of its loss.

With burning thirst to crush, love is not safe,

All else but Self is so much dross.

Stand back—the virus hath eaten its path,

Cyclonic hell sweeps in with joyous wrath.

The heart is torn in twain, yet rarely dies,

The brain reels on with endless moan.

Imagination builds a bridge of sighs,

To passionately brood alone.

And yet this jealous love, all tempest torn,

Flies to its mate, and pleads for life new born.

Human Passions.

I LOVE YOU.

Adieu, my love, I'm going far away,
But ere I leave I'll sing a farewell lay,
Come, fold your arms about my neck and say,

I
 love
 you.

My lips shall kiss you softly while you sleep,
Soft winds will bring you treasures of the deep.
I'll cross the sea with bounding lover's leap.

I
 love
 you.

A mighty love condensed into a kiss,
With overflowing cup of mad'ning bliss,
I'll bring to you, and nothing shall we miss.

I
 love
 you.

To live and love, and meet another day,
I'd hold the mighty Universe at bay,
With bated breath, to hear my sweetheart say,

I
 love
 you.

Human Passions.

ELISE.

A cock-tail
 and a bottle of wine,
A bird, a salad
 and love divine.

The orchestra plays
 its softest air,
“Cavalleria
 Rusticana.”

The stars are coming
 for night is here,
The waiter is blind
 we need not fear,

The music breathes
 of passion—beware!
Elise, there are glints
 of gold in your hair.

Over the table
 so much can we pass,
Other than china
 and clinking glass.

Human Passions.

A poussé café
 and a cigarette,
Live in the present
 the rest forget.

Dream eyes—the night—
 soft music—and you,
Can I give up these
 when joys are few?

Oh! botheration
 here comes your maid,
Your husband is home
 I am afraid.

Human Passions.

RETROSPECTION. (ELISE.)

This balcony
 shaded o'er with trees,
Don't you remember,
 my own Elise?

You listened well
 as I talked of love,
Don't pull the button
 from off your glove.

Our stolen sweets
 were precious that night,
Too bad it ended
 in sudden flight.

A year ago,
 yet it seems to-day,
As we sat sipping
 our Poussé Café.

'Twas here we planned
 to cross the seas,
'Twas here we drank
 of love to the lees.

Human Passions.

You are nervous, dear,
 put down that glove,
Look over the table—
 then above,

Into my eyes
 where your secret lies,
Then into my heart
 to greet old ties.

It gives me a chill
 that veil you wear,
It hides the glints
 of gold in your hair.

Your widow's gown is
 too sad by far,
Will you help me, love,
 take down the bar?

Epitomize time,
 change black to white,
Come! Give me, Elise,
 a husband's right.

Human Passions.

A SOLILOQUY.

I killed her, the path was narrow,
With room for but one to pass.
I killed her, my heart's own marrow,
Another man's wife,—alas!

What right had he to possess her,
And bar my way at the tryst?
I killed her, for it was better,
And sent her pure soul to Christ.

She sent me a letter this morning,
Was sorry for me mayhap,
For he had given her warning,
And meant my steps to entrap.

She plead that I would forget her;
Isn't that a woman's way?
On my heart sleeps warm her letter,
A tiger to hold at bay.

My love was desperate madness,
I died the day she was wed.
All life, all hope, and all gladness,
Fled swift to bury its dead.

Human Passions.

She loved me in school girl fashion,
And never could understand
Why I flushed and paled with passion,
Whenever I touched her hand.

I remember, as if to-day,
Every little thing she said.
I loved her and put her away,
Her grave is my bridal bed.

I aimed for her heart and pierced it,
Mad joy with the bullet tore,
And though my love be illicit,
A crimson rose came from its core.

I cast myself blindly downward,
And drank of her flowing life;
The rose sped through my veins, Oh Lord
Can I claim her as my wife?

There at my feet she lies so cold,
Mine! For he fled like a knave.
A frenzied laugh my joy soon told,
As our lips their parting gave.

Human Passions.

One thing that will always haunt me,
Is the—Why?—her lips tried to frame,
As her fading eyes turned to see,
Which one of us was to blame.

And then when she saw me prostrate,
Alone in my grim despair,
One little hand crept to its mate,
And murmured for me a prayer.

Oh, God! What have I done?—Look there!
I have killed my angel wife.
One bullet more with heart laid bare,
And away from a world of strife.

Human Passions.

WHEN IT RAINS.

Rain—Rain—Rain—

Why does he come to my mind when it rains?

Is it because nature weeps,

Knowing my love but sleeps?

Or is Heaven washing away the stains,

When it rains?

Rain—Rain—Rain—

Far out through the trees I can see the lanes

Where he told me all—ah well—

The telling was my death knell.

My eyes are hot with unshed tears and pains,

When it rains.

Rain—Rain—Rain—

For me were the dregs, and for him the gains.

Rents torn from a bleeding heart,

Never were two more apart,

For we hold men only with silken chains,

When it rains

Human Passions.

OLD LOVE LETTERS.

Untie the blue ribbon, Jack,
And spread all the letters out,
 They're old as the hills,
 And the rippling rills,
Or the brook with speckled trout.
I have some recollections,
Of eyes softly blue and brown,
 But the hand of fate,
 Gave gray to my mate,
When I thought I'd settled down.

She had me fast that's certain,
Such eyes, such lips, and such hair,
 With a bosom white,
 As a frozen light,
Oh, I loved her, Jack, for fair.
She had a way of looking,
That brought you every time;
 Give me that letter,
 There is none better,
Yet to love her now is crime.

Human Passions.

Isn't it dainty writing?
She calls me her dearest Ned.
 I can see her now,
 And I wonder how,
I lived after she was wed.
The whole thing came so sudden,
Like a wretched haunting dream;
 She wasn't for me,
 As you'll plainly see,
Though of letters I have a ream.

You see that glow from the grate,
Casting its patch on the floor?
 The room was like that,
 The night we both sat
And talked about love galore.
My God, but it brings her back!—
Old fellow, just wait a bit.—
 She was in my arms,
 Right under those palms,
May-be I wasn't hard hit.

Human Passions.

Damn the women I say Jack!—
A man's best friend is his pipe.
 Give me her letters,
 No longer fetters,
To make me an ass for life.
Into the grate, false woman,
I'll bury you out of sight;
 'I thought you were dead,
 But your serpent head,
Has reared again in its might.

You knew the sting was lasting,
You knew I'd never forget.
 Yet you smiled and lied,
 Another man's bride,
Without a thought of regret.
But I shall win and wear you.
You shall ring your own death knell.
 Your life is so base,
 God will hide his face,
When I clasp you close in Hell.

Human Passions.

* * * * *

Hello there! Jack! where are you?

I've lost myself for a spell.

 This old love affair,

 Just torn from its lair,

Knocks me under pretty well.

Let's forget all about it.—

Don't look at me so, old friend,

 Or my heart will burst,

 With its hungry thirst,

Of a wound no time can mend.

Human Passions.

FOR THIS MAN.

How shall I pledge myself to separate
The fibers of my body and my soul,
For this man?
And when 'tis done, will he appreciate,
Or send one thought toward the barren goal
Where I am?

It is not right, it should not be, this crime
That crushes only one, while there are smiles,
For this man.
And why does God through all the length of
time,
Permit this burden of unequal trials,
The social ban.

My great love for him means entirety.
And when God fashioned woman, I was born
For this man.
My temperament and soul's chastity,
Gaze sadly o'er the open chasm torn.
Which shall span?

Human Passions.

UNSATISFIED.

I love him, I love him! Yes, he is near!

I have no right, it must not be,
Yet hark—it is his darling voice I hear.

'Tis true all reason bids me flee,
I cannot move while his dear face I see.

And when last night I tried to let him know,
With little looks, and tender sigh,
He leisurely remarked "'twas time to go."

I longed to clasp him there and die;
Yet had no courage, none at all, to try.

It drives me wild, the apathy he brings.
His heart and soul will not unbend.
Sometimes a swift, astonished look he flings.
At my unrest his glances send
The interested look of a dear friend.

This chain of ice must break that he has wrought,
Unknowing in his careless way.
I'll weave a web in which he shall be taught
To love me always, every day.
We'll weave and love, and let our fancy play.

Human Passions.

My lips now frame a blessed vow oft told,
All this and more I still will do.
Then sinks my heart, so suddenly grown bold;
Unsatisfied, to him I sue,
Alas! my hopeless love, adieu, adieu!

Human Passions.

A LOVE CHASE.

My love, I'll deck you with every grace,
And start in a chariot gay.
I'll hunt o'er the world with a rapid pace,
To call you my own for a day.
I'll plunge deep in the snowdrift seeking you,
And melt all the ice as I pass;
My arms are wide open—your love I sue,
Come into them, dear little lass.

Next moment the lass has become a queen,
I bow to my sovereign's sway.
I am hunting love, and some day I ween,
He will find himself held at bay.
Cupid, the sharp little saucy fellow,
Could end my love chase at his will;
His arrow points with laugh that is mellow,
To the top of a distant hill.

I'll dive in the ocean midst mermaids neat,
The one that I seek may be there.
And round me I'll gather their treasures sweet,
Clasping each by their golden hair.
We'll satiate passion, and smite love abreast,
In mad revelries one to find,
Then up to the world on the ocean's crest,
Again will I seek love to bind.

Human Passions.

A kiss, a caress, and a love token,
Of passion and keen desire,
A warm glance and a sigh most outspoken,
Are eager to quench their fire.
Love, I am weary, reveal unto me
The joys that you strive to protect.
I'll hunt love, and find him, it is to be—
Place a throne for my bride elect.

Oh, rapture! She comes! All beauties are there,
They are mine forever and aye.
I will rest my head on her bosom fair,
And crush her sweet form night and day.
Her eyes, her bosom, her limbs, yes—herself,
Are mine, come and take them who dare.
I'll build her a home on a mountain shelf,
And all joys we'll equally share.

The Love Chase is over and I have won,
My sweet captive is most content.
I'll pledge her in nectar drawn from the Sun,
The bridal gift cupid has sent.
Throw over creation a lover's spell,
I'll borrow a throb from each heart,
Cause joys of a life an hour to dwell,
And spend every known lover's art.

Human Passions.

MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

I came upon it suddenly,
Where it had stood for years,
A member of the family,
Grown used to joys and tears.
So home-like was the corner where
It lived and filled it's place,
First came a shock, then startled stare,
Just now, to miss *her* face.

One moment, 'til I grow possessed,
And clearer vision comes;
I'm riven with a strange unrest,
'Wakened nature succumbs.
I wonder is she sitting there,
And smiling on her child,
My Mother in her low arm chair,
The thought near drives me wild.

Dear Mother, cannot you once more,
Sit in the vacant chair,
Just for a moment till I store
For life—the look you wear?
If only for a second I
Could tell you that I know,
Just how you lived, and tried to die
Unselfish—ever so.

Human Passions.

Too late, too late we realize,
The gift God gives to all.
Our Mother's love is paradise,
A Heaven within call.
Oh vacant chair, let Mother rest,
And slumber in your arms,
For love dwells in the cornered nest,
My Mother's chair still charms.

Human Passions.

YESTERDAY.

Yesterday was not a dream, I held her
in these arms,
My fainting eyes of passion swoon
at memories charms.

A moment supreme it was! If all things
else should fail,
And fierce emotional splendors of a
future pale,—

Still would I lift my voice in clarion
lover's call;
Come live a life-time in a second. To
love at all,

Drink to the dregs such joys which for the
hour are thine.
I chant aloud the glories of that which
once was mine.

And must we ask the reason for mad
desire's sway?
Pourquoi? 'Twas here—'tis gone—it blossomed
yesterday.

Human Passions.

DURANCE VILE,

Let me out! Let me out!

 This soul of mine.

Is cramped, is crushed

 and near unto dying.

Give me a breath of air

 along the line,

Of speech out-spoken

 and fond love sighing.

Oh, Universe—give me

 a sacred spot,

If it should be in

 point of yonder star,

Where elective affinity—

 Why not ?—

Shall build it's home

 and dwell with love afar.

Human Passions.

THE CITY OF SUN,

The sunset bursting in sweet confusion,
Builds a red city of its own.
Spell-bound by the glory of profusion,
My fascinated gaze alone
Pictures golden mimic worlds before me,
Until they grow and shape this scene.
Just he and I standing under a tree,
Talking as lovers do I ween.

As I gaze the odor of pease, sweet pea,
Floats softly far out on the air;
In the red gold light I can plainly see,
The white flowers he used to wear.
On the sun-kissed grass our two shadows lie,
A hedge of sweet pea at the back,
Just he and I—gorgeous red city try
Hold him, for power I lack,—

To leap to his side and tell him that I,
Of all the great world here below,
Grieve most for his absence and long to lie,
By his side come weal or come woe.
The torture of not knowing where he sleeps,
Be it in forest, mountain or sea,
Oh City of Sun do not secrets keep,
Reveal the grave hidden from me.

Human Passions.

Again through the space it comes to greet me,
That odor redolent of pease;
I hold fast my breath for we seem to be,
Alone standing under the trees.
Oh Father in Heaven has reason gone?
'Tis no phantom form standing there,
But a man in life and of woman born,
With the flowers he used to wear.

The kisses are real that press my closed eyes,
'Tis no dream—I lie in his arms.
I live and am loved—those were phantom lies,
That soothed with insidious charms.
But where are the shadows and hedge of pease?
And my lover but newly won?
Where are the kisses from under the trees?
All gone with The City Of Sun.

Human Passions.

OVER MUCH.

Spoil not delight by loving over much,
One cannot be too jealous of its own.

 Zymotic joys short lived breathe ennui's
 touch,

 And plunging deep lie dying all alone.

Unwittingly the love that fills your life,

Will leap and strain to tear itself away,

 Be it devoted husband or true wife,

 Seeking effacement for an hour or day.

Beware! Guard well the yearning to spend all
The riches of a heart, with love's display.

 Beware! Possessions held most dear will
 pall,

 When surfeited with dainties—yea or nay.

Repression—self-possession—love—and tact,

Are weapons mighty in their amorous sway.

 Leave much to be desired—'tis a fact,

 That loving *over much* will lose the day.

Human Passions.

A TOAST—TO HIM.

Open my heart, and drop by drop,
Fill your glasses up to the brim.
My life flows out, with Love on top,
It is pledged forever to him.

A TOAST—TO HER.

She is here,—guess her name if you can.
She is mine,—read the sign in my face.
She is fair,—yet for no other man.
She is queen,—of the whole human race.

Human Passions.

A LOST SOUL.

Up from the depths of Hell,
There rises a moan of despair;
A lost soul tolls the knell,
From the pit of its awful lair.
Remorse creeps slowly by,
Glares deep in the gulf below.
Spectral forms weep and sigh,
As they deal each other a blow.

Flames belch them high in air,
These wretches by God forsaken.
They howl, and beat, and tear,
And strive the world to awaken.
Crush down a tender sigh,
And escape from the heated glow,
These souls can never die,
Unholy love—their inferno.

Angels hover above,
And pray in a desperate way.
They dare not offer love,
Where black doom is for night and day.
Hide the pit with ashes,
Cover quickly the seething hell,
Heaven and Hell clashes,
Only God can the secret tell.

Human Passions.

THE EBBING TIDE.

Open your arms and let me in,
Just once, before I die.
We called it Love, they called it Sin.
My life, why did we try?

God help the child that stands alone,
With love, and tempter,—near!
Open your arms—it will atone,
And soothe a scalding tear.

Dear heart, press kisses on my lips,
And check the ebbing tide,
That lashes 'gainst the waiting ship,
To bear me from your side.

All things are turning soft and gray.
Oh, love, I need not fear.
God is too merciful to say,
“Thou shalt not enter here.”

Human Passions.

THE LIGHT THAT LIVED.

I had known the joys that consume
and make men mad,
Till one day the light went out, and
left all darkness.
I blindly groped this way and that, with
hope that had
But the ashes of a past, time-worn
and heartless.

Then suddenly from out the gloom
a woman's face,
Turned faint the sleeping senses that
I thought were dead.
For me the unknown future centered
in the space,
That circled round her form from length
of limb to head.

Human Passions.

The sun had set among the tresses
of her hair,
And loth to leave, made blush the twin
joys of her breast.
Begot of God or Devil there
was Heaven where,
Her palpitating heart lived in its
glowing nest.

And is to-day, the same that
followed early morn,
Am I the blasé man that ceased
to live till now,
Is this the selfish heart again
but newly born,
To plead for joys, and pledge a life-
time's sacred vow?

There is no bitterness I would
not face and woo,
To riot with the mad blood
leaping in my veins.
To claim as mine the dream light from
her eyes so true,
Upon desire's path of sweetest
joys and pains.

Human Passions.

Ah love 'tis only woman that
 can mend a heart,
And mine will bloom with life as
 never yet before.
You have but now become of me
 a living part,
Fast rooting are the sighs of love
 in my heart's core.

Human Passions.

WHITE WINGS.

I fold close to my breast the little form,
That soon must be laid away.
The heat from my body will keep it warm,
At least for another day.

As I close my eyes and think of the grave
My baby will soon rest in,
I try hard to pray, and my strength to save,
Then rebel—don't call it sin.

Oh God! Have mercy upon my lone state,
And leave my little one here.
I pledge my allegiance, if not too late,
Have mercy, she is so dear.

How still she lies, yet my breath moves her hair,
And flutters the lashes long.
I crush her, and pray for the life so fair,
And croon a familiar song.

Human Passions.

Don't take her, she's only a little girl,
A mite from the whole wide world;
The blood of my heart, my own little pearl,
Her life barely yet unfurled.

Amen! The white soul is now soaring high,
It passed through my heart just now.
I plead for the courage to live and die,
Dear God, to Thy will I bow.

Human Passions.

DENIED,

Love! I've stenciled my name on yonder cloud,
To guide you where love is denied.
Tear open the vault where you slyly shroud,
The secret that clings to your side.
Flush red with passion the cloud that her sight
First greets, with my name on its crest,
Send amorous dreams through the realms of
night,
And plunge love in her swooning breast.

She is fair, yet cares not a tithe for me,
And I know too well she is lost.
What can I do, surely help there must be,
To gain her whatever the cost.
Her coquetry drives the blood through my veins,
I love her and will until death;
My arms would bruise her, and bind with Love's
chains,
While kisses swift stifle her breath.

Human Passions.

Dear God! The thought of love's mad possession,
To bend to my will her sweet way,
And teach gently love's first holy lesson,
With power her protests to sway;—
My being is flooded with rapture's glow,
Delirium!—I'm but a man:
To live in the thought of joys we should know,
Yet held back by denial's ban.

Human Passions.

INDIFFERENCE.

X X X X X X X X X X X X	X X X X X X X X X X	Indifference. Indifference.
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He told me once long years ago,
 As we marked our names together,
 And watched love, friendship, indifference grow,
 Leaving hate an uncrossed letter,
 That never could indifference touch,
 A love that was ours and divine,
 We were too sanguine, we loved too much,
 Indifference marked his name and mine.

Our love was furious awhile,
 Devouring all in its way,
 A test soon came but he failed at the trial,
 I remember that broken day.
 We were married, that made it worse,
 And to separate meant—well—loss,
 But the loss was equal when the white hearse,
 Bore away our own baby Floss.

Human Passions.

That was years ago, yet to-night,
As we met at the ballroom door,
He moved aside as I passed to the right,
 Simply this—nothing less—or more.
 Strains of music 'wakened my heart,
Just once as I passed slowly by,
I thought of the names that we used to mark,
And the baby that had to die.

Love, friendship, indifference, hate,
Those marks meant so much to us both.
Indifference is here if a trifle late,
 Years back to believe we were loth.
 Now our paths lie apart in life,
The babe that was ours is no more,
Again I have wed after weary strife,
For the wound is no longer sore.

Human Passions.

MINE—ALL MINE,

I wouldn't give a snap,
For love that's on the tap,
To all that come.

I want a measure full;
The market I would bull,
For pleasure sweet.

Eyes, lips, and bosom fair,
I'd risk, who would not dare,
To call mine own.

And for it, gentle maid,
I'd see that you were paid,
A measure full.

Human Passions.

CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I built of pearls a castle in the air,
With gates of gold wherein my love could dwell.
A silken robe fell from her shoulders
bare,
And lips all ripe their fancied rapture
tell.

A moonbeam left a kiss upon her throat,
I clasped her in these arms and it was
mine.
A dewdrop in a dimple tried to
float,
I drank it eagerly as choicest wine.

Her wanton curls, of blackest midnight hue,
Caressed with every pulse her bosom fair.
My soul turned faint as thus her beauties
grew,
And all was mine to have, and hold, and
wear.

Human Passions.

Her limpid eyes half closed sent forth a flame,
That melted e'er it reached me on its way.

The golden gates I closed. Then madness
came.

I dreamed, and lived, and died—all in a
day.

Human Passions.

FORGOTTEN.

Am I forgotten? Tell me husband mine,

Am I forgotten?

I pledge myself no hasty words to say,

My love for you was born to live away,

And it consumes me.

My soul lives on with thoughts of what you were,

And drains the dregs of bitterness through her.

Am I forgotten? Tell me husband mine.

Am I forgotten? Lover of my youth,

Am I forgotten?

Think well before you tear my heart in twain,

Madness and death would be a sorry gain

For your desires.

Perhaps my darling it is not too late,

Remember how we parted at the gate.

Am I forgotten? Lover of my youth?

Human Passions.

Am I forgotten? Friend and comrade dear,
Am I forgotten?
Come back, my love, my husband, without fear,
I'll wipe away all traces of a tear,
For joyous greeting.
She cannot be all I have been to you,
Our love, dear heart, gave birth, then lived,
and grew.
Am I forgotten? Friend and comrade dear?

Am I forgotten? Helpmate ever true,
Am I forgotten?
Oh God! It cannot be. It is not so.
I cannot feel that you have sunk so low.
Return to love me.
You were all mine until that woman came.
Come back. She led—and you were not to
blame.
Am I forgotten? Helpmate ever true.

Human Passions.

Am I forgotten? Husband then farewell.

I am forgotten.

I know the path that you will surely take,
What matters it if heart and life you break?

May God forgive you!

Come back you never will—I'll toll the bell,
That hurls my love from heaven into hell.

I am forgotten. Husband then farewell.

Human Passions.

THE ONLY SIN.

Talk of it loudly—do not fear,
This sin of a maiden fair,
She was innocent, he was near,
What right had others to care ?

He played and won, the game was old;
Then gathered the spoils and fled.
A broken heart of purest gold,
Was all that the neighbors said.

She passed them by with pleading look.
Fair maiden, your trials begin.
Present, forsake; preterit, forsook.
Found out! was the only sin.



Speak of it gently lest they hear,
The throng that is passing by.
Nobody knows, they need not fear,
And can laugh, and love, and lie.

Human Passions.

No one would dare to speak aloud
Of facts that are not found out.
The maiden fair with manner proud,
The neighbors could never doubt.

She sweeps them by with haughty glance,
Fair creature, she knows the way.
Pull the string and the rest will dance,
Her sin is nothing but play.

Human Passions.

INNOCENCE.

I would give much to know the reason why
Your gentle laugh is hushed when I draw near,
 While every now and then a tender sigh
 Reveals a sudden hidden trembling fear.
A woman's inner self is wondrous strange,
But love once anchored there it knows no change.

My eyes are bold, and seek your's soft and true,
Sweet lids swift hide the mirrors of your soul.
 I talk of tales where lovers gently sue,
 You listen shyly, paying sweetest toll.
A flush will come and go upon your cheek,
Sweet innocence strives coyly love to seek.

Your countenance is cast in Heaven's mold,
With faith of trusting angels pictured there.
 Your girlish form soft garments neat enfold,
 You only could such virgin graces wear.
With mother's care from babe to maiden grown,
You now must seek love's pleasures all alone.

Human Passions.

It seems a pity thus to break the spell,
Your innocence is holy and serene.

Yet imperceptibly coy love will tell

Of sweet emotions soon to bud I ween.

There is no fairer thing in all the world,
Than girlish innocence with love unfurled.

Human Passions.

HEARTLESS.

I do not love you,
And beg you will desist.
Yes—you have been true,
But now you must resist,
I'm

not
If to blame,
love is
tame.

Conquest is my life,
All passions strong I woo.
I'll be no man's wife,
Delight lives while they sue.
Free

life
With my fate,
man as
bait.

Human Passions.

Your life then is wrecked?

Well, you are not alone.

You would not be checked,

And must I then atone?

I

can

Pray

not

do

feel,

not

kneel.

I rather liked you,

I loved to sway your will.

Your heart-strings I drew,

Aye, and could do it still.

I

shall

You

not

will

try,

not

die.

Human Passions.

Desperate despair
Will cause my heart to beat.
Sun kissed is the air,
While hearts lay at my feet.

I
 strike
See them
 how all,
 they
 crawl.

I am the pivot
Round which the world doth turn.
My life I give it,
For those who throb and burn.

I'll
 plunge
To them
 freeze in,
 their
 sin.

Human Passions.

Yes, I am heartless.

There is no greater joy.

Passions gayly dress,

I use them as a toy.

The

world

Come is

mine,

and

repine.

Human Passions.

AS MAN BELIEVETH—SO HE IS.

Where is the faith that held us long ago,
When spiritual life was our's at call?

The world is just the same, God's flowers
grow,
And drink the sunshine that He sends for
all.

Perhaps our rapid pace obscures the light,
The Kingdom of Heaven seeks hard to pierce.
As man believeth—so he is—to fight
The strength of his convictions, strong and
fierce.

When pleasures of the world subordinate
Spiritual life, to sensuous joy,
And God's disciples battle with a fate,
That threatens to use doctrines as a toy,

Then hail the power to Believe, and See,
That 'God is Love,'—and paramount in all.
Faith in one's self will bring the victory,
And find us ready, at life's curtain call.

Human Passions.

ENNUI.

One hungers not for fruit,
When heavy limbs shake free their weight.
The bird on wing we shoot;
Enough:—one more would satiate.
Desire for delights once entertained,
Lie bleeding 'long the pathway crushed and
maimed.

Within one, Love grows faint;
The burial is death retold.
Ennui, is the complaint;
It clasps you in its icy fold.
And so you drift along the edge of time,
Living—existing—all—yet nothing
thine.

Human Passions.

OLD LEAVES.

Old leaves, your gay cover is all but gone,
And with marks you are sadly stained;
Yet back to my heart all battered and torn,
Flutter memories, crushed and maimed.

How strange that by chance I should meet you
here,
In this queer old second-hand store.
The secrets you hide are to me so dear,
I hunger to own you once more.

She was always sending me little things,
A trifle—a verse—a flower,
And still to the leaves her memory clings,
Enriched by a subtle power.

This rose, with blushes as soft as her own,
I plucked from the gold of her hair;
The kisses that cover it—hear them moan,
Grown old in their musty old lair.

Human Passions.

And this little flower—forget-me-not,
She pressed soft in the leaves herself.
A sweet little flower, yet she forgot;
It's now, on a second-hand shelf.

Another leaf still, and my sight grows dim,
For there on the dirty old page,
Sleeps a golden curl, the rest were for him;
He's had them for nearly an age.

Old leaves, go back to the shelf whence you came,
And bury your memories there.
To live in the past, is never the same,
With only a lock of her hair.

Human Passions.

SURRENDER.

Lay upon my mouth the joy of a burning
kiss,
'Till my scorched lips ache with the fury
of assault.
Drain from my eyes Elixir of eternal
bliss,
Nor pause to gather breath, nor deem excess
a fault.

Kiss off the drops that spray from founts where
love is sown,
Pack each and every moment with delights
made fast.
To-day God gives us life, to-morrow is
unknown,
At best this life is short, drink deeply, while
it lasts.

Human Passions.

QUERIES.

Where, and when, and how,
In this world of pain and pleasure,
Can we sample love out,
And deal it about,
And to *all* give an equal measure?

Who is understood,
In this vortex of racing life,
When cupid's bright arrow,
Strikes deep to the marrow,
Loves turbulent quivering strife?

Just a little tear.
If you knew of the buried pain,
That had caused it to start,
From the core of a heart,
Would you do it again if sane?

Falling flakes of snow,
Hide from sight the neglected grave.
Don't you know that your turn,
Must come round in life's churn,
When grass grows rank and tears don't burn?

Human Passions.

Dare one tell the truth,
Or move from the primeval call line,
By the breadth of a hair,
Else they cry out—beware,
You are standing over a mine?

Bright the tearless eye,
Is it not the way that most live?
Do you ever expect,
Anything but neglect,
Or gain any more than you give?

Oh, for a true note,
And, oh for a world not depraved.
As you pass your neighbor,
If you ease his labor,
Won't a drop in one heart be saved?

Human Passions.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Dead.—In my arms I'd have you pass away,
To hold you with devotional despair;
I would not give you up on that last day,
No matter who came first—I would be there.

And you are false, there is no longer doubt.
Damned be the soul of she who cast the spell.
I'm torn with anguish when you are about,
And absence is the death born breath of Hell.

Never again can peace come to my heart,
And never can I feel that we are one.
To love and know that we must drift apart,
Is like a blackened hand laid on the sun.

She will not want you when the tide flows out,
And you alone lie waiting life's last call,
Oh love, Oh love, in mad despair I shout,
For God in mercy to soon end it all.

And yet again—it must not end that way,
There's nothing in this world for me, but you,
Oh give me love, and life again I pray,
I will forget to know you naught but true.

Human Passions.

HYPOCRISY.

The cant of half the world turns one quite ill;
Hypocrisy stalks forth with lordly mien,
While truth abashed at sinuous airs that chill,
Bows meekly down to creep away unseen.

Sometimes intangible—sometimes so plain,
One laughs or weeps, which'er the case may be,
For when hypocrisy with well laid train,
Bids Satan walk abroad 'tis time to flee.

You cannot meet it in an open war,
Where pitted strength of honesty will tell.
The sly thrust in the back, you must look for,
And always smiles, smiles, smiles, to sell.

Human Passions.

The bastard has a patient look of truth,
And woo's with subtlety of devils born,
Though old in crime, it wears an air of youth,
And on its brow the guile of love is worn.

With victory it bears the laurel wreath,
But time and tide will wait for it One day,
And when He brings to light the sin beneath
It dare not answer, having naught to say.

Human Passions.

THE RUBY.

“The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love’s doubt and anxiety.”

July, thy month aglow with desires,
This Love child keep from storm;
While sweet unison of contrast fires
A nature rich and warm.

Thy birth-robe the gleaming sun decks bright,
With piercing rays of love.
No other love can ever this one blight,
It flies exempt above.

With arrow dipped in the setting sun’s blood,
Cupid strikes deep his heart;
Then swiftly there leaps from the glowing flood,
A ruby,—love’s counterpart.

Human Passions.

July quickly gives the ruby a name,
It is Love—Love—Love;
No other passion can put it to shame,
All restful as a dove.

Come thee here, baby mite of a finger,
Sorcery hath just said,
May contentment and love with thee linger,
Take then this ruby red.

Wear always the symbol true of thy birth,
The ruby,—on thy hand.
Round the softest passions then form a girth,
Queen of July's love-land.

Human Passions.

ALONE.

Gray is my soul, as I watch them pass,
They notice nothing standing near.
I am nothing;—far less than the grass
'Neath the feet of the crowd that cheer.

The world is laughing with merry eyes,
Yet I stand in its midst—alone.
No one has time to listen to sighs,
Or to give a poor dog a bone.

Desolate—doesn't that tell it all?
Alone—be it desert or throng;
My soul is crushed and but waits a call,
With a prayer it may not be long.

Human Passions.

THE SONG OF THE PICK.

How long the hours, how bright the sun,
Night, hasten to woo thy bride.
The hour is late when man's work is done,
Rest comes but at even-tide.
The pick is heavy with buried thoughts,
Its master but wait's the morn,
At morn he lives through the day for naught,
In a world of men forlorn.

Down in the ground where the pick has plunged,
Lies a woman's face once fair;
And by its side with a hasty lunge,
The pick casts a heart in air.
A time there was after he was born,
When these were not phantom things,
Dinner and dawn, and a night forlorn,
Is the tune the pick now sings.

Human Passions.

Rags that are rags, and rough sweated brow,
Eyes blank to all but the pick.
The sky is blue, he knows it not now,
Apathy makes the soul sick.
He moves his head with a vacant leer;
The only emotion left,
The song of the pick strikes on his ear,
Your bereft—bereft—bereft.

Once he had passion, and life, and love,
Now he has only a pick.
He never thinks of the souls above,
When the pick sings—"derelict".
Plod away, plod away, turn the sod,
There's a day of rest for some,
And when the pick will refuse to plod,
A message from God will come.

Human Passions.

NO CREED.

I must have fainted, as the cortege passed,
For well I know, *she* knew, that I was near.
The air seemed filled with violets—the last
Fond sign from *her*.—"Ave Maria."

* * * * *

I never knew how weak a man could grow,
Until the truth came home with death's own
mark.
The wonder of it is I lived to know,
And bear a torture where e'en Heaven grew
dark.

Raised with an inborn love of Christ from youth,
My bonds of fealty were early sworn.
I joyed to consecrate my life to truth,
And lead the straying soul to life new born.

I carried priest-hood with a holy grace,
And knew but happiness in doing good,
While soon the world paused in its rapid pace,
To point with reverence, where I humbly stood.

Human Passions.

One day—Ah would there never had been such,
I was called to the death bed of a Jew ;
The hand that led me had but human touch,
No thought of creed, yet man of God she knew.

The father's look of wonder wavered when,
She placed my hand upon his death damp brow.
Sublime in trust, he knew that even then,
Her faith in Him, was right—no matter how.

As I stand ready to be judged, that day,
I gave but charity and priestly care ;
She seemed so helpless, in her clinging way,
I could but strive to bind the wound laid bare.

I held her weeping in my arms, this child
A woman in the last few moments grown ;
I tried to soothe the tearless eyes so wild,
And smother in my arms the weary moan.

You people of the world, can guess the rest,
I learned to love her better than my God.
I loved her with a virgin love, whose zest
Bent all beneath the might of its strong rod.

Human Passions.

She was so pure—I was a priest—and fell—
Then came a period of joy gone mad.
Our marriage vows were registered in Hell,
While Satan laughed, and a new contract had.

I did not know of having one regret.
I built my castle on a bed of sand.
The poor wee bird imprisoned in the net,
Was happy, for she loved, though with a brand.

I did not count the day of reck'ning near,
I thought of naught, but love—and love—and
love.

The angels weeping dropped a silent tear.—
Then God in majesty hurled from above

A bolt, that split the alter where I stood,
And hurled face down the man without a
creed.

My call to righteousness brought grief that
would
Crush out a life—*her life*—in sorry need.

Human Passions.

I told her. Oh dear God forgive her sin,
And spare the one who pledged her faith in
You.

She taught me where allegiance should begin,
And gave her life, that mine to You, be true.

Can Hell hold torture equal to a sin,
That feels, and knows, has heart, yet
preaches grace?

The violets she loved I gather in,
And treasure, lest the cold their bloom efface.

Human Passions.

LOVE EYES.

Come, kiss me Love Eyes, just so, on the lids,
Soft—let thy lips sleep serene.
Draw nature's curtains and do as Love bids,
Press closer my joy—and lean
With all the weight of thy sweet throbbing
heart,
On the breast, Love Eyes, where enthroned
thou art,

I knew not that I lived until to-day;
Thrice blest the hour of life.
Sleeping emotions in battle array,
Awake at this new-born strife.
Love Eyes, I'll crush thee in my arms at will,
Forever, thou art mine—and ever still.

Human Passions.

WHEN ?

When shall it end, this game that we are playing?
This game of hearts, afraid to speak.
I dare not give you courage for love's saying,
Though passionately all you seek.
Cowards are we held back by hateful ties,
With days filled full of social frightened lies.

Telepathy, with hesitancy given,
Will cheat ourselves the least of all.
The soul leaps through our eyes with elfishism,
And pleads pathetic for a call.
The bursting sun will cause no greater shock,
Than contact most supreme when our hearts
lock.

Human Passions.

THE SIREN.

See the mad whirl of the merry dancers,
And the flash of the siren's eye.
Forward and back she flirts through the lancers,
Her poisoned darts right and left fly.
Seductive and love laden comes the waltz,
That charms with insidious languor,
She tells him she loves, but the note is false,
And laughs low when he shows anger.

Slippers of satin, and skirts of fine lace,
Float soft as a breath of cool air,
Voluptuous and careless, with winsome grace,
She rivals the world of "don't care."
This one is swooning with love at her feet,
And that one laments fortune lost,
She need not bother her head should they meet,
They soon will be counting the cost.

Human Passions.

Heart, and purse strings, she pulls at her will,
Then pays with alluring soft wiles.
All charms that are known she possesses still,
And her net extends many miles.
Pistols and coffee for two is a joy,
The path is clear for another,
A wretched life and a coffin her toy,
With tears and moans of a mother.

What does it matter, the Siren is queen,
While hearts filled to bursting are dross.
Alack-a-day that she ever had been,
The world would rejoice at her loss.
Just let her alone and the end is sure,
Compensation is near at hand,
Her life will pass out for one that is pure,
Coming straight from the promised land.

Human Passions.

YOU AND I.

Have faith dear heart, no other thought shall
dwell,

Or gain a foothold where you reign supreme.

You stormed the fortress, filling every cell,
Therefore true faithfulness is not a dream,

For
 You
 And
 I.

Loved one have faith, look deep into my eyes,

And read the shadow of your inmost soul.

The world is full of shallow frothy lies,
But of sweet truth there is a flowing bowl,

For
 You
 And
 I.

Have *faith* my queen. The love light you can
trace,

And pale with joy at tales you oft have heard.

Write Constancy across an open space,
And cast fond love upon the phantom word,

For
 You
 And
 I.

Human Passions.

THE WEDDING MORN.

A patch of clouds across a sky of azure blue,
With gleaming darts of silver white between,
Greet soft and tenderly the wedding morn so
true,

The ground all teeming rich with velvet green.
Thus nature wakes on this the wedding morn,
To kiss the sleeping lips of lovers sworn.

Prospectively the charming scene is still and
clear,

With quaint farm homes all dotted here and
there.

While everywhere falls soothingly the morning
tear,

To freshen all the flowers the bride will wear.
So flies the wedding morn till hour of noon,
To offer all its treasures gathered soon.

Then as the landscape closer grows to woo the
sight,

A church, with golden spiral greets the eye,
And at the door, a lovely thing in sweet affright,
Comes forth a wife, to face the future nigh.
The wedding morn to her, is sad and gay,
A mother's blessing, came at break of day.

Human Passions.

Her eyes downcast, and mouth so like a timid
dove,
Reveals an ocean of awak'ning bliss;
The husband knows the pressure of her arm is
love,
And longs to claim, and hold her, with a kiss.
The wedding morn is here, yet soon will pass,
Regret, a moment lingers by the lass.

That joyous first pulsation of proud ownership,
The groom has stamped upon his features clear.
Erect he walks, serene, and soon away will slip,
To cage the cherished one so true and dear.
To live, and not have known the wedding morn,
Is certainly condition most forlorn.

To live, and *know* the wedding morn—*sweet*
absorption.
To live within the portals of one's self.
With mad hours of sweet riotous devotion,
And to the world oblivious of pelf.
So holy is this complete surrender,
Angels woo the bride, and only lend her.

Human Passions.

TO-DAY,

The time has come for Love to weave his spell
to-day,
All pent up passions crave to know the truth
and say,
Cast forth your richest blossoms fully blown,
I'll pay,
To hold all else except ecstatic bliss
at bay.

Desire, sweetly patient until now,
will pine,
Consumed with burning curiosity
divine,
And sweetest eyes swim in their lakes of love
all mine.
They soon will overflow, and quench their fire's
first prime.

Human Passions.

To-day! I greet you with a lover's sigh
at dawn.

Unfold your petals, there is much to tell
new born.

Let sunshine kiss the rift within the clouds,
storm torn,

And flood the world with rapture never known
for long.

To-day, with all its promises is here,
for me.

Impending fate proclaims satiety,
to be

The outcome of a passion burning fast
and free.

Then treasure joys, and slowly bend to love,
the knee.

Human Passions.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

He kissed the hem of her clinging gown,
And pledged her in flowing wine,
She threw him a soft glance and looked down,
With passion he thought divine.
He gave her of names the fondest choice,
And toyed with her silken hair,
Ah me! the tones of her limpid voice,
Controlled both joy and despair.

She lifted a hand as white as snow,
And laid it over his heart;
With dancing eyes and cheeks all aglow,
She plied well her subtle art.
The art of making a strong man weak,
And ready his soul to sell;
To win at the game called Hide and Seek,
He'd follow her straight to Hell.

Human Passions.

The love in her eyes bade reason smile,
And call sin another name.

Soft lovely creature, you can beguile,
And make all the world seem tame.

You love quite as much as others do,
Yet in a different way,

Desperate joys you recklessly strew,
And drain all there is in a day.

Who is to blame for it—not a man,
And scarcely a sister fair.

How did it happen, this social ban,
And the “Scarlet Letter” bare?

Deep in your heart well you know and why;
Yet softly the world you kiss,

Nobody knows how you weep and sigh,
And shrink from the world’s cold hiss.

Human Passions.

A TOAST—WE TWO.

Two little glasses,—fond hearts two,
The corner is small, and the moon is new,
We'll drink to the hour, long live our love,
There is no greater bliss above.

A TOAST—OURSELVES.

Let Bacchus drown creation with a smile,
To-morrow is years away.
Awhile—awhile—and a merry awhile,
To-night will live until day.

Human Passions.

MEMORY.

He was the first to send a flash
Electric, through my veins.
Sweet girlhood tumbled headlong with a crash,
Into a coil of silken chains.
A moment of chaotic fear,
Held fast my pulses wild,
I watched with trembling lips, as he drew near,
A trusting, simple, changing child.

What causes memory to stamp,
Love's first emotions—clear?
Old time speeds on, as swiftly burns the lamp,
Of recollections once held dear.
The world is such a busy place,
How easy to forget.
And yet the memory of his loved face,
Lives on—is with me yet.

Human Passions.

THROUGH THE SMOKE.

I'm going to dream of her soft bright eyes,
As I loll in my easy chair;
And grasp at the vision that past me flies,
While the smoke curls thick on the air.

In fancy but now, the touch of her hand
Caused the blood at my heart to chill;
On one dainty finger a wedding band,
Tells the tale of a headstrong will.

A golden head flutters close to me now,
And soft lips that were false, meet mine.
I brush back the curls from her dainty brow,
While I crush the sweet form divine.

Old pipe, be faithful, throw clouds on the air,
We'll drink to her charms while we may.
Come, fill up a glass to the lady fair,
She married a Baron they say.

Down hot through the smoke I feel her warm
breath,
She is mine, for the moment, please.
She promised to love me, always, till death,
And now, I have only the lees.

Human Passions.

THE PITY OF IT.

It is plain as I sit here weeping,
And thinking where you have led,
With my pulses madly leaping,
It were best, that one were dead.

What matter that you have loved me,
And still love me so you say,
I know full well what is to be,
That my love has had its day.

Will it break your heart in sorrow,
To think of me now and then?
Will you grieve for a to-morrow,
And long for me once again?

Will you clasp me closely in death,
When still and silent I lie,
And give me the warmth from your breath,
Or mourn that I had to die?

Human Passions.

Oh desolation of sorrow,
 Oh woe of a hidden pain;
In this world can I not borrow
 Of mercy, one little grain?

I would far rather see you dead,
 Than to know her in your arms.
While your breast will pillow her head
 And a wealth of sacred charms.

So to end it all for us both,
 I have planned—to go away.
Oh my darling yet I am loth,
 To leave you—and let her stay.

If to-night as you go to rest,
 A breath of love stirs your hair,
You will know it is for the best,
 Only my *Spirit* is there.

Human Passions.

HER ROOM.

By accident in turning to the right,
I came upon a room that breathed of her.
With door ajar and dreamy shaded light,
Feeling her presence, dared to enter there.

She lay across the unturned bed, at rest;
In sweet abandon of a tired day.
'Twas sacrilege to enter this sweet nest,
With everything in riotous array.

Oh for a painter's touch, to trace each line
Of graceful maidenhood, in sweet repose.
I stood abashed, and longed to call her mine,
From sun-kissed hair, to little stocking'd toes.

The dusty little boots lay on their side,
Against a mass of gleaming spotless white;
The air exhaled Love's message—yet denied
All right to enter, be it day or night.

Human Passions.

The surging maddened thought to press a kiss,
To wreck sweet havoc with her blushing smiles,
With secret ecstasy no look to miss,
And drink delight born of her soft denials,—

Avaunt bold interloper!—Tip toe out,
And pray forget that you have dared to pass,
The thresh-hold where sweet girlhood swift
would rout,
A foreign element found there, alas.

Human Passions.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night. My hasty backward glance,
Meets sweetest eyes of sad reproach.
One step, and Cupid's daring lance,
Strikes lips that wantonly encroach.
A manly arm glides round her waist,
Fond eyes drink of the depths below;
Dear hands caress the loved one's face,
Ah me, could it be always so.

Away! Such dreams are not for me,
A wanderer with tie so strong.
A tie? I'll break it, 'tis to be,
My hand is skillful midst the storm.
Good night. Good night, deceptive muse,
Your castles are for me too frail.
Dear heart—that glance—can I refuse?
JAMAIS!!! It keeps its secret tale.

L. C. C.

Human Passions.

HOW LOVE CAME.

It came when first the light of day,
 Broke in upon a dream of bliss.
My soul with rapture's joyous sway,
 Drank deeply of a mad'ning kiss.

At sight of him, my life stood still;
 Then pulse beat rapidly and high.
His burning glance drank of its fill,
 I sank a victim 'neath his eye.

His touch sent light'ning through my veins
 And woke a passion all divine.
Ah Love! Prepare to count thy gains,
 I know not where to draw the line.

Human Passions.

TWO WOMEN.

Where did she come from, all draggled and torn,
Under the sun's bright glare?
Nobody knew her, poor soul all forlorn;
Nobody tried to care.
Look how she reels to the right, and the left,
All her womanhood fled,
Don't we all know that her heart must be cleft?
A creature better dead.

Dear God, see the depth to which she has sunk,
She falls, then tries to rise.
The crowd jeer and laugh, the woman is drunk,
Fill all the world with sighs.
Oh for a mother's dear self near her now,
With all the world turned cold,
Or a woman's cool hand upon her brow,—
Where is the woman bold?

A woman, it was that passed swiftly through
The heartless, sneering mass;
A woman, that lifted her, strong and true,
Her only friend, alas.
Pity her! Think what has caused her to sin,
This woman fallen low;
And cheer for the woman who helped her in,
The woman, who dared to go.

Human Passions.

A PLEDGE.

To her! My true heart's desire,
I drink and challenge fate!
Vesuvius' molten fire
Revealed its love too late.
I pledge myself for better things,
To compensate for all *she* brings.

To her? I drain the lee's of bliss,
This queen of women fair!
And for a look, or gentle kiss,
I pledge myself to wear
Her heart upon my coat sleeve plain,
Riveted there by Love's own chain.

Human Passions.

LOOKING BACK.

My soul burst forth from its casket,
And Heavenward winged its way,
When a cry that seemed to ask it,
Urged me pleadingly to stay.
Then I paused with shame and sorrow,
And tamed the joy at my heart,
For him there could be no morrow,
When death had torn us apart.

I pressed close my wings and tied them,
Lest grief should begin to smile;
I must return hot tears to stem,
And soften his new born trial.
I held my wings tightly molded,
And passed through the open door,
Once more I would lie enfolded,
With hearts beating core to core.

Human Passions.

But as I stepped o'er the threshold,
All that I so longed to see,
Was not for the body lying cold,
Death had swift turned him from me.
Quick pulsing life stood beside him;
The woman who closed my eyes,
Opened her own with tempting sin,
To bind him with new-wrought ties.

I smiled as my soul grew restless,
And sped toward the realms above.
In looking back, her golden tress,
Had caught at rebound his love.
Best it is that it should be told,
Man rarely can bear the test,
When pulsing life—and a body cold,
Compete for the vacant nest.

Human Passions.

LOVE KNOTS.

A narrow path just wide enough for two,
A day divinely fair and calm;
Above, thick branches interlaced and grew,
Enhancing nature's subtle charm.

The little boat well hidden on the bank,
Tells slyly of the absent pair,
Who have for it their stolen joys to thank,
And so they wander *debonnaire*.

They drift apart from every human thing,
As round her waist he folds his arms.
The little birds above look down and sing,
To witness such ecstatic charms.

With eyes that seek to call her all his own,
He strains her gently to his side,
And thrills with joy to know they are alone,
With no one near to scoff or chide.

Human Passions.

He lifts her head, she blushes like the dawn;
And lingers ere he sips such joy.
Then softly, sweetly springs the love new born,
No longer either shy or coy.

She is his captive now, all fairly won,
A golden love knot on her hand.
The world for them is one great ball of sun,
Whose rays, leap from the wedding band.

Human Passions.

A PRAYER.

Music led her with head devout,
To kneel at the chancel rail,
Music her soul so wrought about,
Love told a familiar tale.

Heaven's blessing upon her now,
As praying she kneels for aid.
Music led her soul to avow
Allegiance, for debts unpaid.

“Mercy, Father! I yield my all,
Oh take me, and do Thy will.
I love him,—he hath but to call;
Lord, save me from him until—

“The strength of Thy love shall aid me,
To crush the sin thou hast seen;
Deep in my heart from him I flee,
God knows what I might have been.”

Human Passions.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

I'm talking to a photograph,
And dreaming of the day,
When lips were made to kiss, and laugh,
And hold the men at bay.
And as I dream there comes to me;
A vision from the past;
I'll place her here, my love to be,
Then talk, and hold her fast.

Come, tell me that you love me dear,
As well as on the day
I kissed your eyes, wet with a tear,
And sang the good-night lay.
I wound strong arms around you sweet,
My own heart's desire;
Then sank a captive at your feet,
Reason was on fire.

Human Passions.

I had no reason but your will,
You drove all self away.
I pressed your lips—Ah love, be still;
And think of that *one* day.
Remember the throbs of love, dear,
That tore the flood gates wide.
My eyes grow dim, yet all is clear;
We clung till reason died.

Died only for a second sweet,
A second full of joy.
You were so subtle, soft, and neat,
Passionate, brave, and coy.
Oh photo, you have grown too cold.
Go hide yourself away,
And never more be quite so bold,
To face the light of day.

Human Passions.

CHAOS,

To the man I love.

Your letter at hand.
I miss you. How much?
You have but to command.
I am troubled in mind;
With despair at my heart,
I beg you to see me
Once more, ere we part.
I take it back—no—
I've no right thus to thee,
Saying words while tossed
On a troublesome sea.
Our days that have passed
Are to me a sweet dream;
Shadows a background
For the sunlight's gleam.
With a brother's care,
And a tender will,
Help me back to the place
I had been, e'er till
Thou—hadst made all——

Chaos.

Human Passions.

STRANDED.

Did fate ordain that he and I should meet,
To love, and then to drift apart ?
Or did some fiend throw laughing at my feet,
A bubble formed to shape a heart ?

It seems to me as here I sit alone,
And think of all he was to me,
Of how sweet promises have turned to foam,
And left me stranded out at sea,—

That I must die, ere I can bear alone,
The weight that's laden on my soul.
Too late the knowledge that I should have
known,
Has reached me from its distant goal.

Married! Oh God, the woe that's hidden there;
The gulf that's yawning at my feet.
Oh give me strength this mad'ning grief to bear,
And guard that we ne'er more do meet.

Human Passions.

MY KING.

Oh fickle fortune, do not be
A skeptic and untrue to me.

Love langhs when obstacles are near,
A mountain high will disappear.

I care not what the world may bring,
King of my soul—thy praise I sing.

Nor what the future hath in store,
Enough for thee that I adore.

Let passion in thee burst aflame,
Still on we'll stagger with this game,

Our fruits to reap, e'en if we die,
Great mystery. We can but try.

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